Missing Special Moments.

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Reflecting on those personal moments, I can't help but miss them. Last Saturday, we attended family functions for our relatives, including a mottai ceremony and my cousin Aishu's engagement. It was the second time I was moved to tears; the first was with Angel Akka, and then here. Watching my Thai Mama place flower garlands on Aishu, seeing her fall at everyone's feet for blessings, and standing on stage with her partner was initially embarrassing but later felt cute. It was a beautiful moment. When my Mama placed the flower garlands, I was overwhelmed with tears, realizing how much I missed those moments in my own life.

We have a tradition where the first daughter's puberty is celebrated, and Thai Mama takes center stage, responsible for gifts and rights for that girl. I missed those two significant moments with my Thai Mama. I found myself blaming Jesus for not giving me those opportunities and for placing me in such a situation. Thankfully, even though I was

surrounded by people, no one noticed my tears. As I write this now, I am filled with tears, my father beside me, but no one can see my pain. Everyone wants me to be happy and only sees my happy face. If I ever get a chance to celebrate a function for myself, I wonder what it would be. Any guesses? Please comment.

Joyful death ceremony…